THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 48. SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

THE Lord Mayor has consented to be the custodian of the Elcho Challenge Trophy, won by the English Eight at the last Wimbledon meeting, until the next competition. The ceremony of presentation to the victorious Eight will take place shortly in the Guildhall.

A meeting of peers was held on Thursday in Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, when the Earl of Strathmore was unanimously elected a representative peer, in the room of the late Earl of Haddington.

Yesterday morning the well-known auctioneers, Messrs. Norton and Co., sold Gadshill at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, for 6,600*l.* The bidding, which lasted about half-an-hour, was brisk and spirited.

Information was received on Thursday night at the Bow-street Police-station that Inspector Brennan, who is now away on leave, had been captured by the Prussians as a spy and shot.

The Rev. Charles Clarke, "The Gentleman in Black" of *Baily's Magazine*, died recently, after a long illness.

The steamboat *Silver Spray*, from New Orleans for Cincinnati, exploded her boilers on the Mississippi River, near Memphis, at midnight on Sunday, and then caught fire. Twenty-six persons were drowned or burnt to death.

M. Rochefort, whose period of six months' imprisonment expires on August 18, has been informed that he will be detained for four months longer, pursuant to an old sentence passed upon him before he was elected a deputy, for assault and battery upon a printer who had a published a libel upon him.

A young woman was placed in the dock of the Woolwich Police-court, on Tuesday, under the following circumstances:—A gunner in the Royal Artillery said that on the previous night he was on duty at the barracks, going round to see that all the men were in bed. On counting the gunners in No. 122 room, he found one too many. He proceeded to investigate the cause, and found the prisoner, who was discovered to be a woman, occupying a bed which was drawn up close to the bedstead of one of the gunners. She was sent to the Police-court, where she was charged with being on the premises of the Artillery Barracks for an unlawful purpose. The magistrate had a private conversation with the Provost-Marshal, after which the prisoner was discharged.

Colonel Roden, M.P., speaking at a volunteer inspection at Hanley the other night, said:—"In my opinion we shall have to show, sooner than many of us expect, that our drilling is not sham, but reality; this matter is becoming serious, and many besides myself are of opinion that it is only a question of time when this country will be at war, and we Volunteers will have to show that we can do our duty as well as our drill." The remarks were received with cheers.

Recruiting for the army is going on with great activity in the neighbourhood of Westminster. Sergeants of the Royal Artillery, 4th Dragoon Guards, 5th Dragoons, 5th Lancers, 7th Hussars, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 17th, 52nd, and 59th Regiments, succeed in tempting batches of young fellows to join their respective corps. In smaller numbers recruits were obtained for the Rifle Brigade, the Royal Engineers, and the Royal Marines. Considerable attention was paid to the better class of recruits to a special notice on behalf of the Royal Artillery, stating that, in addition to the specified rates of pay and allowance, eighty-six commissions are thrown open to the ranks, besides positions of trust and responsibility.

An order has been received at Portsmouth Dockyard for the entry of a number of joiners. Instructions have been received from the Admiralty to enter a number of additional blacksmiths and factory men at the Devonport and Keyham Dockyards. In addition to the party of labourers entered at Chatham Dockyard on Monday, there was a further addition of labourers made on Tuesday.

The exertions of the German Association for the Relief of the Wounded and Destitute in the War between France and Prussia have been attended with gratifying success. Up to the present they have received £22,300, a considerable portion of which was subscribed by clerks in the City and by German workmen. Purchases of water-cushions, ice-bags, lint, gutta-percha tissue, and surgical instruments will be made forthwith.

M. André has presented The Colonel, the double winner of the Liverpool Steeplechase, to the King of Prussia, for a charger.

A notice inserted in the *Journal Officiel* makes a passport necessary for all foreigners entering or leaving France. Our countrymen, who have for nine years past been exempted from the passport nuisance, will do well to bear in mind that this notice is serious, and that they may subject themselves to much unpleasantness and unnecessary delay by not providing the necessary viaticum.

A person present gives one or two interesting details in reference to the Emperor's departure for Metz. At the moment of getting into the train the Emperor and the young Prince were calmly bidding adieu to the Empress, whose attitude and firmness did not belie either her courage or high spirit. The Emperor, holding his son by the hand, was getting into the carriage, when her Majesty, embracing the Prince, said to him, "Good-bye, Louis—and, above all, do your duty!" "We will all do it," said the Emperor, with a firm voice. In another instant the train started. At this moment the Empress covered her face with her hands, and endeavoured in vain to keep back the torrent of tears which burst forth. On returning to the Palace she knelt down and prayed for France, the Emperor, and her child. The Princess Clothilde spent the rest of the day with her Majesty.

Metz is full of the members of the legion for nursing the wounded. These gentlemen wear a red cross on a white ground on their left arm. The Imperial printing establishment has also arrived. Compositors, printers, and the "literary element" all wear a green uniform, and some of them very long swords, which are continually getting between their legs in an exceedingly unmilitary fashion, much to the amusement of the townsfolk.

Apropos of the *Times* treaty, it may be stated that M. Benedetti is considered, in Paris, to write the purest language of any diplomatist in France.

One of the latest *on dits* of Paris society is that Bismarck would willingly accept a great defeat, and would then say to France, "Take what Rhineland you require, but for the future leave us to do as we like in Germany." Impossible as this may seem, such a termination to this war, which is ruining both countries, is not impossible.

It is notorious that even when the Emperor was in undisputed possession of absolute power, he was accustomed to treat with foreign States through unauthorised agents, who were perfectly independent of his official representatives. M. Benedetti is one of the few who united in his own person an official and unofficial character. Successive Ministers of Foreign Affairs have looked askance on him, as he, like his master, has a passion for secret intrigue, and it was always feared that he would involve his country in some disreputable transaction. After the battle of Sadowa he insisted in his despatches that France had nothing to fear from Prussian plans of aggrandisement. The Emperor, however, continued to believe in him and support him. Indeed, to prove the value which he attached to his services, he offered him the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, shortly after the Treaty of Prague had been concluded.

The correspondent of the *Standard* was arrested by the French Provost-Marshal-General before the attack on Saarbrück. The other representatives of the London papers appear to have lost no time in laying the circumstances before the Emperor Napoleon, who expressed gratification at the efforts made by the English in Metz to prevent the publication of news injurious to French interests. The *Standard* correspondent was released unconditionally by order of the Emperor, and the Provost-Master-General was instructed to declare to English journalists that the Emperor relied on their honour to act with discretion and judgment, wishing, as he did, to preserve the most cordial relations with England, and recommending English correspondents to address themselves to the Provost-Marshal in case of difficulty.

Strasburg Races for obvious reasons, will not take place this year.

The following incident of the war is related by a correspondent:—A young and thriving merchant of Saarlouis was to have been married at Saarlouis to a young lady from Schleiz on the 16th of July. On that morning came the telegraphic order of mobilisation. The train carried off the bridegroom a quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the marriage. He, like thousands of other men of an equally good position in life, took his place as a private in his regiment—the 40th Hohenzollerns,—and cheerfully arranged with his bride that the marriage should take place as soon as his battalion reached Saarbruck. He would then go off to the war, and she would return, as his wife, to her home. The bride came yesterday with her brother to Saarbruck. I had the pleasure of walking up with them this afternoon to watch the battalion in which the bridegroom was to appear pass from the high road into the bivouac-field. The bridegroom, who was there in the thick of the helmeted stream, ran from the ranks and kissed his bride with German fervour. The men marching past looked at them with sympathetic admiration, but with no sign of wonder, much less of coarse derision. Then the bridegroom ran on to the place he had left, and the bride went to an officer and begged a few hours' leave for her bridegroom, that they might be married. The officer, of course, was only too glad to listen to such a request from the lips of such an applicant, and escorted the bride to the colonel of the regiment, from whom leave had to be obtained. We saw the bride with dark eyes more expressive than ever, and a shadow of apprehension over her broad forehead—not too German for perfect beauty—repeating her request to the colonel, and winning from his lips of discipline the gentlest answer. The bridegroom was sent off on leave till mid-day to-morrow. The marriage will be a few hours earlier.

It was melancholy, writes a correspondent, to walk around the pretty little town of Homburg, and to see the notice of apartments to let in every house. The band was playing as usual in the gardens of the Kursaal, and the gardens themselves were as fresh and green as ever; but there were not 200 people listening to the music, and but few of them were visitors, the rest being townsfolk and people from the neighbourhood. Of the strangers, two out of every three were Americans, the rest Germans or Russians. I do not think that there were ten English there. The scene was really dismal. The ladies appeared to be of opinion that as there was no one there to dress for, it was a good opportunity for wearing out old things, and in consequence I did not see half-a-dozen well dressed women in the place. Play was going on as usual at the tables, and the monotonous cry of "faites votre jeu" rose as of old, but the chairs were scarcely filled, and the line of lookers-on was scanty. A few of those present were playing high, for there were several of the players there who live to gamble, and who would not leave the tables if the French and Prussian armies were fighting in the garden outside. That terrible old woman whom every frequenter of Homburg knows so well, was there. There she sat in her large easy chair, pushing forward the piles of silver and gold, which she was too feeble to arrange on the squares she wished, but which the croupier placed as she named the numbers. Other regular gamblers were there who staked large sums, but with these exceptions, the play was scanty indeed, and the proprietors will earn but a small dividend this year. It is the more hard upon Homburg because they had reckoned upon an unusually good season, as next year will be the last of the establishment. What will become of the German elysium after that no one can tell. But rumour already points to San Sebastian as the legitimate successor to Homburg—Von-der-Höhe.

"THE MARSEILLAISE."

ONE day in the last week of April, 1792, a certain dinner party was given by the Mayor of Strasburg, Monsieur de Dietrich. The Great War, which was to last three-and-twenty years, and to cost the world millions of men and hundreds of millions of money, had been proclaimed a few days before. All hearts in France were beating with hope or anger, as they are beating now, and the talk at this eventful banquet was all of the war and its prospects, as it may be now. "Where," it was asked, "is a Tyrtæus who will give words to the enthusiasm of the people?" Their Tyrtæus was among them—a young officer of engineers, thirty-two years of age, called Rouget de l'Isle, musician and poet, as well as soldier. At the close of the evening he went home agitated and unable to sleep. Taking his violin, he improvised the first verse and the air of the noblest national war song that has ever been written. He worked at it the whole night long, and in the morning he took it, finished, to his friends. The Mayor's niece, Mademoiselle de Dietrich, to whom he first showed it, instantly sent for all the guests of the preceding day, and played it to them. It was welcomed with delight. Copies were made and circulated among the military bands of Strasburg, and the ragged and half-starved troops marched to the frontier to the music of this new hymn. It was called the *Chant de l'Armée du Rhin*. Published in a little Strasburg paper of which Dietrich was proprietor, by degrees it got more widely known. But it had no real popularity till it was adopted among the troops of Marseilles, and shouted all the way from that city to Paris, by that grim and ferocious band of six hundred, "who knew how to die," and were led by Barbaroux. The astonished ears of the Parisians heard them for the first time, from the hoarse throats of their fierce visitors, the terrible words, "Allons! enfans de la patrie." They called it first the "Hymne des Marseillais," and subsequently the "Marseillaise." It is noteworthy that the author was put into prison and deprived of his military rank for refusing his adhesion to the changes brought about by the 10th of August, when these men "who knew how to die," did die, shot down by the Swiss, and shouting his own words. He had supplied the torch to fuel, which, when kindled, came near upon consuming himself as well as the "banded kings" across the frontier. But Robespierre fell, and the poet got out of gaol, singing another hymn, composed in his cell. It is hardly given, however, to any man to touch more than once the deepest heart of a nation, and the later songs of Rouget de l'Isle are now forgotten. He rejoined the army, was wounded at Quiberon in 1795, and obliged to retire from military service. At Paris he lived for six-and-forty years longer, a calm and blameless existence, unmarried, fecund in poetry, music, and memoirs, with no troubles except to make both ends meet; a calm, unambitious man, who had no desire to obtrude himself. From the successive Governments he got but scant recognition, receiving little till Louis Philippe, in 1830, gave him a pension of 3,500 francs, with the cross of the Legion of Honour. And when he died, in 1836, he did not leave enough behind him to defray the expenses of his own funeral. His other works are pretty well forgotten, but the "Marseillaise" remains the one expression, in words and music, of the indignation and fury with which France went to war in 1792; of the wild hopes and wilder dreams of the Great Revolution; and of the noble frenzy with which a great people rose to assert themselves, and to hasten that Reign of Universal Brotherhood and Equality, the advent of which is yet looked for by thousands. The old associations of the song, then, are of dreams and ideas for which men might well die. But, in giving it back to the people, the Emperor strips it of its surroundings of barricades and general overthrow. It will be no more what it has been. Already the Parisians, who a fortnight ago were singing it all day and all night, are weary of it. Their grandfathers never wearied of it. It may once more lead the troops to victory on the Rhine, but it will never more bear its old power to stir the blood of Frenchmen. Blown about in the trumpets it may be the herald of great triumphs, but its former influence will be gone; and, with new associations and new memories, it will no more serve for the shouts of Red-capped Republicans and the war battle of maddened students firing from the barricades of Paris.

The very words are out of date. What do these lines mean now?

> Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
> De traîtres, de Rois conjurés?

There is only one king now against France, there are no more slaves and no traitors—as yet. In the revival of the song we see its death, for though music will not die the power will be gone out of it, and it will henceforth rest on another basis than its old one of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. For the soldiers of the new army of the Rhine to sing this song is as if an old litany of a suppressed and glorious worship were revived to be sung before a new idol. The "Marseillaise" can never be the song of Imperialism. The Tyrtæus of that party is yet to seek.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

A WRETCHED WOMAN.

A COMEDIETTA—IN TWO ACTS.

(*Continued from page* 243).

Gosling (*going to her.*) My dear!

Araminta (*seats herself*). Tell me, was she very beautiful—she whom you deceived and abandoned for me?

Gosling (*with modesty*). I beg to assure you, Mrs. Gosling, that I never deceived or abandoned any one.

Araminta. You were in love—in your wild young days—before you knew me?

Gosling. Never, Mrs. G.! I was a virgin chemist. Ah! once—

Araminta (*eagerly*). Once—

Gosling (*smiling*). Once—well I was in love once: but long before I knew you.

Araminta. Tell me—without reserve—let me hear all the harrowing details. She was young?

Gosling. She was.

Araminta. Beautiful?

Gosling. Yes.

Araminta. Ah!

Gosling. I met her in Holborn one winter's afternoon. She had a brown paper parcel, tied with a string. As she was crossing over in the mud, the string broke, and the contents of the parcel fell out. I helped her to pick up the baby-linen (it was baby-linen), put them into the parcel, tied the string, gave it into her hands, received her thanks, and never saw her again!

Araminta. And you call that a love affair! (*with passion.*) So you have sacrificed nothing for me?

Gosling. Eh?

Araminta. You have burnt nothing on the altar of matrimony? No letter, no ribbon, no lock of hair even?

Gosling (*amazed*). But I hadn't any to burn!

Araminta (*reflectively*). No one has loved him. Why should I?

Gosling. You don't mean that.

Araminta. I mean that I have not strength to continue the struggle.

Gosling. What struggle? Explain yourself, Mrs. Gosling.

Araminta (*with decision*). I will. Why not? Anything is better than this miserable, false, deceitful mode of life. But, recollect, this terrible secret must remain locked in your breast. One word to a living soul, and there will be an avenger the more—a druggist the less, in the world!

Gosling (*aside*). Good heavens! she means to—(*draws his hand across his throat*).

Araminta. Gregory, this moment is a solemn one. The confession I am about to make to you is the last proof of affectionate confidence a wife can give her husband. I love another!

Gosling. What!

Araminta. It is reprehensible, I know. And the world, which judges so harshly of the errors of a suffering woman, may condemn me. I am far from making a merit of my misfortune. But it is the fatal hand of destiny which has drawn me on, and I cannot be responsible for the consequences.

Gosling (*with frenzy*). But this is abominable!

Araminta. And do you think I have not struggled against the evil influence? Do you think I have tamely yielded myself up to the demon who strives to enthrall me? Ah, no! I have fought—I have resisted—I have wept tears of blood—I have wrestled with the destroyer—I have closed the lid, so to speak, of my inclination, and sat upon it. But what was the use? A moment's forgetfulness, and my passion was out again like a jack-in-the-box.

Gosling (*in a higher key*). But it is abominable!

Araminta. Each day, Gregory (for I will conceal nothing), you have become more and more insupportable to me. Each day I feel more and more how impossible it will be to descend the stream of life hand in hand with you.

Gosling (*in a still higher key*). But it is abominable!

Araminta (*in a reverie*). When you look at me with that foolish expression which is habitual to you, I say to myself, "Ah! If I were not the wife of that man—"

Gosling (*following her*). "If I were not the wife of that (this) man—"

Araminta (*with a sigh*). "I could marry another."

Gosling. "I could marry another!" Ah, it is too bad!

Araminta. I wish to place the truth unreservedly before you. Yesterday I had the courage to struggle, for he was not here.

Gosling. He! Who?

Araminta. But he has returned.

Gosling. He! Who?

Araminta. And now his silken moustache is ever before me: the martial ring of his warlike accoutrements is ever in my ears.

Gosling (*passionately*). It is the soldier!

Araminta (*pensively*). He is handsome, is he not, Gregory?

Gosling. But do you know, unhappy wife of a distracted Gosling, that you are at the first station on the road to infidelity?

Araminta. I have missed the train!

Gosling. But they run every five minutes!

Araminta. It is true. And it is for that reason I have told you everything. I am a virtuous wife. I wish to preserve spotless the ridiculous name you have given me. I count on you to protect—to save me, Gregory! I have no hope but in you. Save me from him! Save me from myself! Save me! (*Throws herself into his arms.*)

Gosling. What am I to do. Keep up. (HECTOR'S *voice is heard outside.*)

Araminta. I hear his voice. Ah! Feel how my heart beats! (*Takes* GOSLING'S *hand and presses it to her heart.*)

Gosling. I won't.

Araminta (*as if inspired*). There is one way left! (*With an effort*). He must fly! And it is I—I, who will tell him of our separation.

Gosling. You?

Araminta. I—I will tell him that his room is damp, that his sheets are not aired—that he will get rheumatism—anything. You shall hear all. (*Pushing him to the door.*) Go in there. You shall listen. You shall be proud of your wife.

Gosling. Yes. But its not very pleasant for me—

Araminta. I hear him approaching, go. (GOSLING *is pushed into the bed room.*)

Araminta (*alone*). Courage! Be still, my beating heart (*sits*).

Enter HECTOR.

Hector. Are you alone, 'Minta!

Araminta (*aside*). That voice!

Hector. What a happy chance! Your husband is a very good fellow, but he is always about, and prevents me unburthening my heart to you (*sits*), as I have long wished to do.

Araminta (*timidly.*) What do you mean?

Hector. Araminta, my happiness is in your hands.

Araminta. Your happiness?

Hector. My dear cousin, I have been a little wild. I will not deny it. It has been exaggerated; but there was possibly some slight foundation. But since the day when I saw the only woman in the world whom I could love, my whole life has changed; and you have nothing to reproach me with on that score now.

Araminta (*aside, with increasing agitation*). What does he say?

Hector. Fate separated us for a time. But my heart has never changed. I have returned, and my love has returned with tenfold force.

Araminta (*aside, with great satisfaction*). How he loves me! (*Aloud.*) Speak lower, Hector. (*Looks towards the room in which* GOSLING *is concealed.*)

Hector. Why? Ah, yes, my uncle and aunt are I know against me—I have been told. But with you by my side, I shall care for nothing. You will not turn against me?

Araminta (*softly*). No! (*Aside*). How he loves me!

Hector. I did not think to confide my love to you so soon: I was hardly sure of my ground. But you were so kind, so thoughtful, so considerate—that I felt I might speak. (ARAMINTA *listens delightedly.*) I could not help asking you to intercede for me. With your influence I shall be sure to carry the day, and Cissy will be mine.

Araminta (*shrieks*). Ah!

Hector. What is it? You do not disapprove my choice? You will not be against us?

Araminta. She loves you?

Hector. She loves me; I love her—we adore each other. You will plead our cause, I know. A thousand thanks! (*Kisses her hand, and exit*).

Araminta. I see all the dangers of the abyss I have passed! (*calls in a loud voice*)—Gregory, Gregory!

Enter GOSLING.

Gosling. Well, dear?

Araminta. Well; you triumph!

Gosling (*in astonishment*). Do I? What did you say? I couldn't hear anything!

Araminta. You have heard nothing?

Gosling. Not a word. What did he say?

Araminta. You wish to know. (*Throwing herself into* GOSLING'S *arms.*) Gregory, he loves another!

Gosling (*with great satisfaction*). Ah! so much the better!

Araminta (bitterly). You are too cruel.

Gosling. Cruel! Come, I like that!

Araminta (hysterically). He loves Cecilia! I shall hate her. I have a demon in my breast: the furies are here! *(pressing her hand on her heart.)*

Gosling (terrified). Araminta!

Araminta (with horror). I am the rival of my sister. It is too horrible. It shall not be. I will put an end to this unnatural contest! *(Seizing* GOSLING.) But what am I to do? Advise me, counsel me; it is you who must save me! What am I to do?

Gosling. Well, I think they ought to be married.

Araminta (with joy). It is the only way! Gregory, you are my good angel. Quick, sit down and write to the lawyer. Tell him to come at once. Let there be no delay. With my own hand I will wreathe the orange-blossom round her fair young brow. Will it not turn a cypress in my hands? Could I bear to be a witness of their happiness? Could I endure to see that manly arm encircling a white glacé silk corsage with another inside it? No, I have over-estimated my strength! I cannot do it! *(Snatches the letter out of* GOSLING'S *hand and throws it into the fire.)*

Gosling. You are not going to begin again?

Araminta. What would you have me do? I feel that the bells which announce their marriage will be the signal for consigning me to the tomb.

Gosling (in despair). Oh dear, dear, dear!

Araminta. It is an inspiration from heaven! *(Rings the bell violently.)*

(Enter CONSTANTINE *and* MARY JANE.)

Your master is going away immediately. Pack up everything. Bring his cloak and travelling cap, and my bonnet and shawl, and call a cab. There is no time to be lost.

Gosling (petrified). What do you mean?

Araminta. I am going to place the ocean between us!

Gosling. The ocean!

(Enter CONSTANTINE *and* MARY JANE *laden with cloaks, bonnets, shawls, etc.)*

Araminta. Don't lose an instant. *(To* GOSLING.) Get yourself ready.

Gosling. Get myself ready? But I 'm not going away.

Constantine. Come, sir, be reasonable. *(Wraps* GOSLING *up in a fur cloak; makes him sit down while he draws large furred boots on his legs, and ties a fur cap under his chin.)*

Araminta. You must be careful not to take cold on board.

Gosling (exasperated). I won't go on board! I can't leave my business! Let me out! (CONSTANTINE *puts a carpet bag into one hand and a railway rug into the other.)*

Araminta (putting on her bonnet and shawl rapidly). Are you ready?

Gosling. I shall be ruined!

Araminta. What matters temporal ruin if we can secure the peace of the soul? Peace! O Hector, Hector! *(In a low tone to* GOSLING) If we could only take him with us.

Gosling (bounds forward in his furs). Ah!

Araminta. No, forgive me! it was but the last spasm of a wounded heart—come, come. *(She drags him to the door.)*

Enter POCKLINGTON *and* MRS. POCKLINGTON.

Pocklington (with a cry). What do I see?

Mrs. Pocklington. What is the meaning of this?

Araminta (nervously). My husband is about to leave Europe.

Mrs. Pocklington. To leave Europe?

Enter CISSY.

Araminta. This instant.

Cissy. To leave Europe?

Enter MARY JANE

Mary Jane. The cab is at the door.

Mrs. Pocklington. He wishes to separate me from my daughter! *(Folds* ARAMINTA *in her arms.)*

Pocklington. He would rob me of my child!

Gosling (who does not know what he is saying). We shall be back in ten or twelve years. *(going.)*

Pocklington (standing on the threshold). Villain, you shall pass over my lifeless body!

Mrs. Pocklington (faints). Ah! I can support the trial no longer.

Araminta (running to her). My mother!

Gosling (beside himself). They are all mad, and so am I. *(Hurls his carpet bag against the wall, and tears off his wrappers.)*

Araminta (falling at her mother's feet). Spare my mother! You shall kill me afterwards.

Pocklington. She opens her eyes—I see returning consciousness.

Mrs. Pocklington. Where am I? *(seeing* GOSLING) Septimus, remove that man.

Araminta (soothing her). Mamma!

Pocklington. Claudia, be collected.

Mrs. Pocklington. Take him out of my sight!

Pocklington. Calm yourself. He will go. *(Looking severely at* GOSLING.) He will go.

Constantine (aside to GOSLING). Come, sir, you see how odious your presence is.

Pocklington (waving his hand). Serpent, avaunt!

Araminta. Gregory, I beg you.

Gosling (aside). She too. Well, I will go. But you will hear of me—you will hear of me, and in a way you don't expect. *[Exit.*

Mrs. Pocklington (getting up suddenly). What does he mean?

Pocklington. Saved!

Araminta (who has also risen suddenly). Lost!

Pocklington. What?

Araminta. I understand his threat but too well.

Constantine. So do I. That look of his revealed the fatal design he has formed too clearly. I will keep him in sight. *[Exit hurriedly.*

Pocklington. What is the meaning of this?

Araminta. It means that my doom is sealed. Constantine saw the fatal truth as I did. It is then to end thus. Well, I do not complain, I deserve my fate. It is a fitting expiation.

Pocklington. Araminta, I must request an explanation of this mystery. *What* fate?

Araminta. I have been wrong—I have been to blame. My conscience, alas! is not free from the stain of guilt, and my chastisement is at hand.

Mrs. Pocklington. Araminta, WHAT is this?

Araminta. My parents, do not turn from me. You shall know the fatal truth. I love another. I have permitted a secret flame to take possession of my heart—and I have this day revealed the maddening secret to my husband.

Mrs. Pocklington. Ah!

Pocklington. Ah!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XLII.—LICHEN.

First—

Utrum horum mavis accipe.

The gate was grey with moss and li-chen
Old and hoar;
And as she stealthily let Mike in,
It creaked and swore.

She drew him to the sanded kitchen,
And closed the door;
When lo! a piece of tell-tale lich-en
Fell on the floor.

RATAPLAN.

It is awkward, that o'er the word lichen,
Orthoepical writers divide:
While some lexicons rhyme it with kitch*en*,
Others *liken* will make coincide.
In the kitch*in*, again, they will pitch in;
Thus *tin* and *ten*, toyishly tied,
Will enrich*en* our lich*en* at Hitch*in*,
And absurdities many beside.

"*Human flesh is but grass*" is a figure,
Or a metaphor, frequently seen,
So although you are black as a nigger,
As the herbage you 're equally green;
And that plant, cryptogamic, the lichen,
You, *Sir Verdancy*, may then assume—
If you please, or you do not—to liken
To *Sir Number One* elf, I presume.

BARNEY'S SEE.

Poets oft are wont to liken
Love unto the ivy tree,
A better simile though I ken—
Better at least it seems to me—
Why not say its like the lichen
Nourished by a tree's hard wood,
And which doth its roots so strike in,
That die it must if dies its food.

L. N. P.

PRIZE WORD—No. XLIII.—TITLE.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch.*)

THE BEST "CHURCH SERVICE."—Matrimony.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.—The Pipe of Peace.

(From *Judy.*)

BABY SLAUGHTER EXTRAORDINARY.

(Young Husband and Father reading).—"Are you disturbed in your rest by a sick child? If so, try Mrs. Coddle's Soothing Syrup. It quiets the most fractious infant—producing a sound and refreshing sleep"—(Here he loses his place, and continues from another column)—"terminating fatally, in violent convulsions, after weeks of protracted agony!"

Some one, some time ago, seeing two or three eminent lawyers gathered together on a spot supposed to be likely to be chosen as the sight of the new law courts, said that they had met there "to view the ground where they must shortly lie."

There's one thing which can always be found, and that's fault.

Poultry-keeping ought to answer, for, for every grain you give a fowl it gives a peck.

THIEVES IN CAMP.—We hear that a sentry in the Prussian army was recently relieved of his watch in the middle of the night.

What's the difference between a chilly man and a hot dog?—One wears a great coat, and the other pants.

An old man is easier robbed than a young one, for his locks are few, and his gait is generally broken.

(From *Fun.*)

A CUTTING REMARK.—Wicked boy (to Policeman):—"'Ullo, Robert! So they 've been cuttin' yer comb, eh!"

A BIG EEL.—It is reported that a Portuguese gentleman has been drowned at Bangkok while swimming in the river, by coming in contact with an electrical eel. This story seems to us to Bang-kok-fighting—if we may use a vulgar figure. We are inclined to rank the story with that of the discovery—in the same part of the world—of roast pig. It seems another Essay of Eel-ia in fact.

HEAT OF THE WEATHER.—Tommy, home for the holidays, had a tip of half-a-sovereign from his maiden aunt.—It "melted" in a few hours.

Scarcely the motto for M. Ferdinand de Lesseps: "Happy as a Sand-boy."

SUGGESTION FOR A ST. SWITHIN MEMORIAL.—Either a sun picture or a statue-wet.

(From *Will o'-the-Wisp.*)

A REMONSTRANCE.

THE EMPEROR TO JOHN BULL.—"Ah! John, it's a little too bad of your scribbling lads to attack me in this fashion, when I've stuck to you for 20 years!"

AWKWARD AND CRUSHING!

MRS. FREDERICK FARINTOSH.—I am not in the habit of opening your letters, as you are aware; but the contents of *that* letter fully justified me. You will say, how could I guess at the contents? Instinct, sir—instinct. You may explain a good deal; you cannot explain such expressions as "darling" and "yours ever!"

A feast of sound.—The paviours in Holborn—at least they are so many *dinners*.

To repairers.—It is in Italy you must naturally seek the hospital for the Venetian blind.

(From the *Tomahawk.*)

BISMARCK—HIS—MARK.—We observe that the Prussian Premier signs his name Von Bismarck. This is a little premature. As a Cockney would say, "he hasn't *won* yet."

The town for newspaper correspondents from a French point of view must surely be Spy-*ers?*

The Prussians say the war has resulted from too many P's and Q's. The French insist it all came of M's!

One of our newest and cheapest contemporaries, whose contents bills have been more startling in their announcements than the events themselves have justified, the other day proclaimed in its very largest type, "*Our War News of yesterday proved to be true.*" Well, we suppose contents bills should contain startling information, and the paper in question could scarcely have made a more unlooked-for announcement.

The Man About Town.

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW OF THE DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ozokerit.—We shall not. Ozokerit (if it deserves it) yourself.

W. P.—It is hardly possible to say. Perhaps next month.

Angus.—It may be good, and is certainly old, but like the pint of Madeira, it is "unco' sma' of its age."

J. L. S. (Liverpool).—Send us your *carte*, a lock of your hair, and all your policies of insurance, and we will see what we can do for you.

Fabricius.—You recal our childhood—that part of it concerned with the birch and black draughts.

THE THEATRES—This Evening.

Olympic.—Old Gooseberry—Little Em'ly—Undine. Seven.
Strand.—Kind to a Fault—The Pilgrim of Love. Half-past Seven.
Prince of Wales'.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
New Queen's.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
Vaudeville.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

THE skirmish at Saarbruck was followed on Thursday by an action on a larger scale and of a bloodier character, which, if we may trust Prussian accounts, terminated in a decisive German victory. In the storming of Weissenburg the French are said to have been repulsed with great loss, including five hundred unwounded prisoners, among them many Turcos. The German troops engaged were regiments of the *corps d'armée* commanded by the Crown Prince: the French, a division of Marshal MacMahon's corps. It is evident now that the war has begun in earnest. Our position, like that of Eliza on the wood-crown'd height, may possibly now grow somewhat more interesting; but it is impossible for average Englishmen not to long to be a little nearer the scene of action. It is poor work sitting still wringing our hands when hard knocks are being exchanged. And the telegraph is so slow!

Having regard to what it calls "the energetic solicitude" of England for the independence of Belgium, and to the absurd rumours of the intention of the British Government to reinforce the garrison of Antwerp, with the consent of the Belgians, and in anticipation of attacks upon their neutrality and independence, *Le Siècle* states the actual strength of the British land forces on the authority of the last *Army List*. It has no difficulty in summing up its statistics with the remark, that in order to spare a sufficient force for the defence of Antwerp the effective strength of the British Army must be considerably increased, and the Irish garrison doubled. There is nothing unfair or unfriendly in this assumption; nor is it unwarranted by the figures upon which it professes to be based. The probability of our reinforcing the garrison of Antwerp is happily remote; there is reason to believe that the Belgians themselves are not at all incapable of defending their own citadel, and that in case of necessity they would be content with the succour of a British fleet until at least some other of the signataries of the Treaty of 1831 were ready to come to their aid. The accomplishment of England's duty towards the neutrality and independence of the Belgian kingdom must always presuppose the determination of the worthy Belgians themselves to fight for their own cause. In any case, the probability of either England or Belgium being compelled to strip is remote. We may add, that the less such a contingency is discussed at present, the better.

It has been humorously suggested that as the belligerent Governments objected to the presence of descriptive writers in the French and Prussian camps, the services of these gentlemen might be employed in chronicling the campaigns fought at Aldershot, and other places of a similar kind in this country, against imaginary enemies, for the instruction of our own troops. The men, it appears, are continually turned out for divisional field days, even though it is necessary in order to realise the programme sometimes arranged for these displays, that the cavalry, at all events, should turn out of bed at half-past two in the morning. The events of such days are briefly summed up in the papers, at present, by the announcement that the troops at Aldershot, or elsewhere, "had an instructive field-day yesterday," whereas our correspondent argues that the proceedings, in the interest of the army itself, ought to be more closely criticised, consisting, as they do for the most part, of movements which could never take place in the face of an enemy, and of the usual march past at the conclusion of all things. Without prejudging the officers who arrange field days at Aldershot, it may certainly be admitted that the experience of recent volunteer reviews is not favourable to the idea that the tactics displayed on such occasions are likely to be of a very high order. It is to be feared that military officers in this country suffer themselves to fall too completely into grooves; that in handling considerable bodies of men, they go through movements which are little less formal in their nature than those usual with a drill serjeant engaged in putting through a squad of recruits. The fondness which English officers exhibit for marches past, is in itself evidence in support of this idea. Soldiers, after all, can learn little or nothing from marches past. If a Sovereign wants to see what a body of troops is made of, or if it is desired that they should show off their paces before an admiring crowd, the favourite movement is all very well, but after all it is a tedious and wearying performance which leads to no result whatever; and when a general orders one at a camp like Aldershot, he is merely making a delusive show of exercising the men. A general handling a division in the field ought no more to fall back upon the old cut and dried manœuvres than a chess player. Company drill is necessarily cut and dried—the pieces at chess move each of them in accordance with rules that are never varied—but camp drill, division drill, is a different thing. That should constantly be varied, and should constantly bring out new ideas on the part of the generals in command.

The only comic element in the war is the hapless Monsieur (or Herr) Wittersheim, who appears to sustain in the great tragedy a part somewhat similar to that of the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, the Porter in *Macbeth*, or the Fool in *King Lear*. He relieves the grim horror of the situation with a touch of burlesque. The French newspapers make much of him. He is their solitary material for a joke. Monsieur Wittersheim is the printer and publisher of the *Official Journal* of the Empire; Herr Wittersheim is a Prussian by birth and allegiance. Herr Wittersheim has withdrawn from Paris, and taken up his residence in a country house on the banks of the Spree, and not far from Berlin. Monsieur Wittersheim has been conducted from his retreat to the French frontier by two Prussian policemen. Herr Wittersheim has been stopped by the Imperial authorities. Napoleon III. will have nothing to do with the Prussian subject; William I. cannot tolerate the French official journalist. Poor Wittersheim! How is the difficulty to be solved? He cannot restrict himself to the invisible line which separates the two countries; for though a line, as mathematicians define it, is length without breadth, M. Wittersheim is, of course, endowed with the properties of extension in three dimensions. He may feel at each point, but he cannot, like Pope's spider, live along the line. The wisdom of Solomon suggests an expedient for separating the German from the Frenchman in M. Wittersheim, which is too cruel to be thought of. Only one other course remains. It is, to apply to the man the policy which has been adopted in the case of some countries. Let Monsieur (or Herr) Wittersheim be neutralised, like Belgium and Switzerland, with the assurance on the part of the belligerents that his neutrality will be respected, so long as he is able to defend it. Of course, M. Wittersheim would have to arm himself for this purpose, as Belgium and Switzerland are doing. A needle-gun under one arm, and a Chassepot on the other, would sufficiently protect his French and Prussian frontiers.

THE WARNING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHLEGEL.

I.

A weary traveller before
A village alehouse stayed;
Upon the bench without the door
He sate him in the shade,
His little bundle near him laid,
A draught, in modest accents prayed,
To cheer him on his way.

II.

Carousing at a table near
Two wild young fellows sate:
"Hola, you host! Come, fill up here:
What is your worship at?
All day in fun and mischief spent,
The livelong night in devilment;
We do not mean to starve."

III.

"Ha, brother, was it not divine?
No sport could come before it:
I dearly love the ruddy wine,
But mischief—I adore it.
Conceive the pious consternation,
The wrath of all the priesthood!

IV.

"First came the seven-starred Nepomuck;
I soon disposed of him,
According to his saintship's luck
He soon must sink or swim.
Pushed to the edge, the slightest shake,—
And down he plumps into the lake,
And little Jesus with him.

V.

"And all along the valley, where
The weary pilgrims rest,
Each stone and station, by my care,
Becomingly is drest.
So decked out for the festal day,
That every one who comes to pray
Must turn aside to laugh."

VI.

"If one must boast," the other said,
"The Virgin's whiskered cheek,
The crown of thistles on her head,
Can for my labour speak.
These little exploits, I'll bet,
Will match the best of thine, and yet
The finest is to come.

VII.

"There, yonder, on the Cross, where late
Christ's sorry form depended,
Hangs now, delightful to relate,
Our neighbour's cat extended.
The folks' amaze, the Priest's chagrin,
When Sunday comes—will make the scene
Extremely edifying."

VIII.

Severe and calm upon them rests
The Wanderer's piercing eye;
They heed it not at first—those guests—
In their wild revelry.
At length, "You meddling rogue," they cry,
"What means this staring here? pray try
To mind your own concerns."

IX.

The Wanderer speaks no word; but still
He gazes on the same,
And more and more unbearable
That searching glance became.
"If words won't do," they fiercely said,
"This insolence shall be repaid,
Dissembling knave, with blows."

x.

"Another hand has struck the blow;
Yours do no injury.
I soon depart, but ere I go
Ye shall remember me.
Young blood is mischievously bent,
While yet ye have the power, repent;
Be warned, and sin no more.

xi.

"Else ye the covenant renew
With Judas and the rest,
And crucify the Lord anew
With such an impious jest."
"And as the fool could not preserve
His life before, he'd well deserve
A second crucifixion."

xii.

"Ye would not scoff, I can aver,
Had ye been there to see
That patient, willing sufferer
Hang on the fatal tree:
When, full of love and tenderness,
His life in all its sinlessness
Ebbed from those bitter wounds.

xiii.

"When fixed in agonised despair
Among the multitude,
While in His breast their lot He bore,
His friends around Him stood.
He bows His head in death—a rent
Breaks through the darkening firmament,
And earth quakes inwardly!"

xiv.

"He'd have us think that he has been
A part of what he tells;
The story, truly, may be seen
In dusty chronicles.
Your age, my friend, if you'd convince
That you have seen what ages since—
If ever—came to pass."

xv.

"I am not old, nor young: a year
And ages are as one:
But, changeless as the sun's career,
I still must wander on.
No hair will blanch, nor will time trace,
One deeper furrow in the face
That smiles not, weeps not ever.

xvi.

"I, too, was impiously inclined
As ye, in early years;
Unblest, to my unyielding mind,
All warnings, prayers, and tears.
And when the council traitorously
Condemned the Son of Man to die,
I, too, would show my spite.

xvii.

"As with His weary load opprest,
They hurried Him along;
I hasted on before the rest,
And pushed Him in the throng.
Breathless and faint, the Holy One
Would fain have rested on a stone:
I struck Him with my fist.

xviii.

"'On,' cried I, 'Jesus, on with Thee!
Let Him be crucified!'
Turning, with earnest glance on me,
The Saviour replied:
'My course, indeed, will soon be o'er,
But thou shalt wander evermore,
And tarry till I come.'

xix.

"This word, in fearful mercy sent
To punish and to save,
Hath kept my soul from chastisement,
My body from the grave;
And drives me on, from place to place,
A terror to the human race—
The Ever Wandering Jew."

xx.

Unchanged and passionless hath been
The wanderer's face, till now,
When, burning and blood-red, is seen
A cross upon his brow.
Transfixed with agony and dread,
They gazed upon the sign, and dread
Their doom and punishment.

xxi.

And ere they strength or sense regain,
Or wake from their dismay,
His bundle is snatched up again,
And he far on his way:
Over the brow of the last hill
His form, distinguishable still,
Moves onward, staff in hand.

xxii.

Too late the contrite sinners learn
God is not mocked in jest;
The blood-red cross will ever burn
In their unloving breast:
Vain was the holy Church's care,
Vain penance, pilgrimage, and prayer,—
The scoffers lived not long.

The Grumbler.

AND now another Session's gone, and Temple Bar still stands obstructively in the centre of the Metropolis; and Leicester Square, with its dead cats and defilements, mourns for the loss of the mutilated horse and rider that so long helped to disfigure its precincts, and assisted in the making of Leicester Square incontestably the filthiest, dirtiest, and most disgraceful public one in the whole universe. Surely the Woods and Forests might have managed some slight amelioration—bought up the Square, and not allowed it to continue the national disgrace it is? Very certainly they could, but, you see, they didn't—and, what is more, won't;—any more than they will be induced, at a mere trifling expense, to limit the depth of the Serpentine to one of uniform safety to the multitude of bathers who will seek its waters the moment the long-protracted clearing operations are completed. No! the fact is there is evidently no arousing the Woods and Forests, as at present constituted, to anything like an appreciation of the public requirements. Questions in the House—deputations to his office—letters in the public papers—all have proved alike unavailing. Then, of course, nothing more can be done? O yes, it can! Strange, of the Alhambra,—the enterprising Strange, who is always ready to anticipate the wishes and gratify the tastes of the British public, and who has a natural interest in the beautifying and cleanliness of Leicester-square, and who dreads the diminution of the population of the metropolis if the Serpentine is allowed to remain at its present Ayrton depth,—Strange patriotically purposes to bring out forthwith a Grand Spectacular Municipal Divertissement, to be entitled *Woods and Forests; or, Ayrton, the Ill-suited, and the Undine of the Serpentine*. The whole thing, I am told, is admirable; and the two last scenes, which are transformation ones, must bring down the house: The Serpentine by Moonlight. Madlle. Pittari as Mudella, the Undine of the River, with very crisp, ungored, short muslin, trips lightly to the floats, and, after a few rapid, graceful Alhambric *pas*, is suddenly arrested in her brilliant performance of a tee-totum spin of three minutes, and, adroitly balanced upon her right toe, her left hand to her right ear, and her right hand protecting her left breast, and eyes and mouth wide open, looks (as Tom Hood said) as if she saw a noise. Big Ben of Westminster tolls three—supposed to announce to the audience that the House is just up; a Hansom cab drives across the stage, and Ayrton, inside, is seen consulting his watch by the light of a magnesium moon and the bright flashes of Pittari's dark eyes, that fall upon the dial. Ayrton pays the cabby, and alights; the cab drives off, and Mudella, the Undine, approaching Ayrton, beckons him with pantomimic action to the banks of the river, and, with ballet tears and supplication, urges him to make all smooth and reduce the depth. He shakes his head, after the approved style of Lord Burleigh at a provincial theatre, and with about as much in it. She holds her nose—shakes her head—and expressively conveys that, gravelled or not, it must be made savoury and unobnoxious, and, pointing from her toe to the top of her short skirt, conveys the exact depth it must be. But Ayrton is inexorable, and, save that for once—with taste—he evidently admires the quality and shape of the silk wove hose, treats the Naiad as ungraciously as he did the last deputation who did him the honour to wait upon him some few weeks since. At length, evidently annoyed and disappointed that all her cajolements should be disregarded, she loses all patience, and violently stamps her little white satin well-booted foot. Up rush from the canteen troops of *coryphées*, who dance the grand pas de "Reeds and Rushes," to the amazement and bewilderment of the Chief Commissioner. The ballet ceases, and Mudella again urges him to fill up the holes in the river; but, he remaining unmoved, again she stamps her foot. (The foot is always stamped to express passion or command obedience at the Alhambra.) This time, thrice she stamps: out goes the magnesium moon! down descends thick folds of vapoury gauze (another powerful Alhambric effect), which, again disappearing, discloses a view of the river as frozen January, 1871. Mimic skaters are seen in hundreds gliding all about—a crash from the orchestra!—screams from the supernumeraries!—and down go all the skaters, engulphed to the lazarette stage below. Again Mudella approaches the head of the Woods and Forests, and, with wide-extended arms, and her head gracefully, yet at the same time inquiringly, turned over her left shoulder to see how her dress sets, once more appeals to what is supposed to be the heart—the inexorable heart—of the inflexible Head of the Woods and Forests. Unavailing!—so more stamps—more gauze—more *coryphées*—a grand entanglement of legs and arms—rapid advance to the floats—then clear off right and left, and the river is again beheld, as supposed to be on a bright sunny evening in July or August, crowded with bathers, both on banks and in stream. Again an orchestral crash, a scream, and all *coryphées* rush from the wings and close in the scene. Mudella again, by pantomime, expresses to Ayrton drowning is going on, and his alone the fault. Still he shows, by his old deputation-receiving air, that he remains inflexible. Rudely would he push her from him; but the silk thingamys and short muslin what-do-you-call-its have evident, nay, powerful attraction, and keep him spell-bound to the spot. Then, suddenly, as if remembering 'tis the morn of quarter-day, and that ministers' cheques are waiting, ready signed, at the Chancellor of the Exchequer's office, he attempts to hurry off, but is caught in the arms of Mudella, who leaps with him into the muddy Serpentine, and thus in a moment terminates his career of puddlement and muddlement. The great transformation scene is the Apotheosis to Ayrton—Leicester Square as it is, and for a long time will be. The old leaden horse is mounted by Ayrton, in a complete suit of official brazenness, who proudly points with an urchin sweeper's broom to the Thames Embankment, with which he had nothing to do. Pittari, as Mudella, the guardian nymph of the Serpentine, gracefully holds her nose and turns her back upon the river, while the attendant nymphs express disgust at its being too deep to bathe in, and blue lights and Bengal fire burst forth on all sides, as the curtain falls amid general groans and satisfaction of the public; when 'tis announced that very soon a new performer will take the part of Chief Commissioner, and which he will, unlike the present, be found to fill with ability, capacity, and general approbation of the British public.

AMUSING MISINTERPRETATION.

The following correspondence shows the advantages of attending a good writing school in early youth:—(From H. Greeley to M. B. Castle.) Dear Sir,—I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next Feb. 3. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand—certainly not now.—Yours, HORACE GREELEY. M. B. Castle, Sandwich, Ill.—(From M. B. Castle to H. Greeley.) Sandwich, Ill., May 12. Horace Greeley, New York *Tribune*.—Dear Sir,—Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it, but we succeeded, and would say your time—"3rd of Feb."—and terms, "$60," are entirely satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity; if so, we will advise you.—Yours respectfully, M. B. CASTLE.

The Man in the Stalls.

MISS HENRIETTA HODSON opens the Royalty on her own account on the 3rd proximo. It is a consolation to know that the Royalty, which had really been lifted into importance by the unremitting exertions of Miss Oliver, is not to make a retrograde movement into the dim obscurities of amateurism. Neither is it to become an experiment for the benefit of adventurous dramatic agents, who know nothing of management, have no real taste for the drama—no true judgment in respect to theatrical talent. The agent may have his uses in getting engagements for beginners, but beyond that operation he is merely a locust that fattens upon the drama, and wastes its energies. Those are most favoured with his good offices who pay the most. Just take a case—an imaginary one, of course, but founded upon some real experiences. Tomkins has been an actor. His ambition found little scope in the provinces—none in town. He resolves to become an agent. With the half of a little capital obtained from relatives, or, possibly, from an actress who is determined to have such a person in her clutches, he opens an office in the neighbourhood of the great theatres, puts a brass plate on his door, decorates his walls with miserable photographs, or coloured plates, of "world-renowned" comiques, clowns, and terrible tragedians; hangs up files of play-bills, and seats himself at a desk, with a huge volume before him for the registry of the names of country managers, and aspirants for engagements. Perhaps he has an ante-room, in which Jawkins, the "great" representative of the Stranger, or Miss Adeline Moggs de Courcy, the unique *coryphée*, will condescend to sit until Tomkins can decide what opening he can offer. Established firmly in his spider's web, Tomkins catches flies daily. They believe in his "large connection," and accept engagements to play down in Wales, where half salaries are, *perhaps*, paid at the end of the first week, and nothing thereafter. Tomkins now extends his operations, and when the summer arrives, and metropolitan theatres are vacant, possibly he takes one, and brings out the plays of that rare article, a moneyed author. Norton Grubville has written *The Malicious Monk of the Mississippi*, or, *The Virtuous Victim of Vermont*, and offered it to eleven theatres unavailingly. One of the most daring of managers agreed to *read it*, if the title were converted into something monosyllabic. So Grubville called it *Sprats*. Still it was found objectionable. G. offered £250 to have it performed. He received in reply, "Silence a respectful negative." Then he got hold of Tomkins; or, to speak by the card, Tomkins got hold of him, and arranged to take a theatre and play *Sprats*, with a more dignified yet brief title, for £300. Mr. G. assented. But £300 would not have paid unless the play was a certainty. So Tomkins looked at his list of candidates for histrionic honours, and found in Miss Helena Fitzfaddle, alias Mrs. Frumps, an aspiring female, who would "go" £100 if she were to come out as Angela, the heroine, and were allowed to cut down the other parts to make hers the more prominent. Tomkins assented, with a reservation in favour of Mr. Montacute Puggins, an ambitious young linendraper, who agreed to give £500 if he were allowed to "lead the business" for the entire *season*. He also stipulated for an alteration in the title of the play to *The Duffer*. The preliminaries were settled—the company engaged, on payment of a per-centage of their salaries—ditto the band; the saloon and box-office were farmed out, and the theatre re-opened,—"The best ventilated in London" for "a short summer season." Now, as the author was incompetent, and neither Puggins nor Frump had ever acted before, the play was damned the first night. At the end of the week Tomkins revived *The Hunchback*. Nobody went to see it. He cut down all the salaries, closed the theatre for one night, calling it the *end of the season*, so as to get rid of Puggins, and give a similar chance to young Wentworth Smothery, the rich heir to a baronetcy, who believed he was intended by nature for Romeo, but whose taste inclined to low—very low—comedy. Smothery paid £300 for the right to play Jem Bags and Dainty Doodle, singing "Poor Dog Tray" and "Champagne Charlie" in character. The country cousins were charmed, and Tomkins closed the theatre £200 the better for the month's dodge. Nothing more was ever heard of his victims, and so the ball goes round. Now, the Royalty has slipped through Tomkins' fingers, and we shall have good entertainment, for Miss Hodson has wit and money, friends and popularity.

Helen Douglas expired last week, and Miss Evelyn has evaporated. Miss Charteris has arrived by the *Overland Route*, and the Haymarket looks like itself when there is nobody in it. The burlesque of *Atalanta* has been revived, and, with Yarnold in a leading part, affords an hour's amusement. *Put Yourself in His Place*, after leading a melancholy sort of life at the Adelphi, has gone over to the Standard—the *National* Standard—where the cold meat of the drama finds customers after it has been served "all 'ot" at the West End. Mr. Douglas reminds one of the second-class pastry vendors, who give you the stale puffs at half price, and a halfpenny ice for a penny. But if his audiences are not nice, they are numerous, and that's the real ticket, after all, in this money-grubbing age.

Now's your time! The lease of Astley's Royal Amphitheatre is to be sold to the highest bidder. Mrs. Batty is tired of her succession of tenants, and having no desire to resume management herself, takes advantage of the architectural rage to give some one a chance of raising an edifice akin to the palatial beauty of St. Thomas's Hospital. For a trifle I would write a history of Astley's—for I almost remember when it was first built! Yes—in memory's waste I can distinctly see old Philip Astley, seated in the lobby, looking upon his son's mute performance in the *Blood Red Knight, or the Fatal Bridge*. My spirits rise as I cheer the British under Lord Wellington, in "*Lisbon; or a Ruse de Guerre on the Banks of the Tagus*." The Peninsular war then raged, and some capital *mimi* Light, Decastro, Boulanger, Cardozo, &c., in graceful actions pourtrayed the course of military operations. No one was allowed to speak. The Lord Chamberlain insisted on strict pantomime; and when Pereira Forjax informed his wife of his patriotic resolve to go the field, he, wanting words for the utterance of his bold resolve, fetched from the wing a white pocket-handkerchief tied to a rolling-pin, and held up to public admiration the gallant avowal that

PEREIRA FORJAX
WOULD
DIE TO SAVE HIS COUNTRY.

Those were grand days, when the speaking was confined to burlettus with a musical accompaniment, and Johannet sang comic songs, Hengler achieved on the tight rope very mild acrobatic feats, and Collett governed the ring. This was long before the days of *old* Widdicomb! Then came Gomersal and "Waterloo," Mrs. McKeen, the *ecuyère*, who was terrible as *Meg Murdock of the Fatal Glen*, and, with them, old John Sloman, who sang "*Quite Politely*" and "*Gee wo, Dobbin!*"

Mazeppa, which I first saw in 1832, is a thing of yesterday. It came before the public in that unhappy time when Lytton Bulwer led the House of Commons to grant the patents, and suffer illiterate snobs to speak. From that hour the stage has been flooded with cocknies whose vernacular is of the most hideous type. Never—never—oh, *never* again shall I see the day when actors, like lovely Juliet, spoke, but said nothing! Never! did I say? Caitiff that I am! I'll bid for the lease of the old house, import *mimi* from France and Italy (if this accursed war leaves me any), and revive *Chevy Chase*, *Blackbeard*, and, grandest of all spectacles, *The Tyrant Saracen and the Noble Moor*.

You will be glad to hear that—no—I reserve the fact for my next. I shall only cloy the reader if I tell him all I know about the . . . and the exquisitely beautiful . . . O that I had the pencil of a John Leech, or the brush of a Maclise, and the pen of a Dickens, to irradiate the items I am prepared to give to a perspiring world.

The Turf.

LATEST BETTING.

ST. LEGER.

2 to 1	agst	Kingcraft (offered; 210 to 200 wanted).
1500 —225	—	Palmerston (taken and offered).
200 — 25	—	Macgregor (taken and offered).
1500 —100	—	Tabernacle (taken).
1000 — 50	—	Sunlight (taken).
500 — 25	—	Captivator (taken).
1000 — 40	—	Astolfo (offered).
1000 — 30	—	Alexander (taken freely).
1000 — 30	—	Camel (offered).
40 — 1	—	Normandy (offered).
1000 — 15	—	Ptarmigan (taken).
1000 — 10	—	Bridgewater (taken).
500 — 40	—	Astolfo and Captivator coupled (taken).
500 —100	—	Macgregor and Sunlight coupled (taken).

CESAREWITCH.

1000 to 15	agst	Tabernacle (taken).
1000 — 15	—	Barford (taken).
1000 — 15	—	Ethus (taken).
1000 — 15	—	Rattlepate (taken).
1000 — 15	—	Ashfield (taken).
1000 — 15	—	Tamarind (taken).
1000 — 15	—	Revenge (taken).
1000 — 15	—	Sweet Sound (taken).

RACING FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

Leek	8	Oxford	18
Egham	9	York	23
Wolverhampton	9	St. Albans	23
Windsor	11	Plymouth	25
Paisley	11	Scarborough	29
Radcliffe	12	Rainham	29
Bromley	16	Derby Summer	30
Lichfield	16	Weymouth	30
Stockton	17	Liverpool	31

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton Autumn	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29

OCTOBER.

Curragh	1	Perth	12
Bedford	4	Kelso	18
Edinburgh	5	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Leicester	6	Curragh	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
Newmarket 2nd Oct.	10		

NOVEMBER.

Worcester	1	Shrewsbury	14
Liverpool Autumn	8		

The Cesarewitch has closed with 205 entries, and the Cambridgeshire with 236 subscribers. The weights will appear on Thursday, September 8.

King o' Scots broke down when running in the Champagne Stakes at Brighton, on Tuesday, and has been scratched for all engagements.

Lizzie Cowl has been sold by Captain Machell to Sir George Chetwynd for 1,000*l*.

The death is announced of Mr. Mackenzie, formerly the owner of Sycee and other well-known horses.

Notwithstanding the very unsettled state of affairs on the Continent, the Boulogne-Sur-Mer meeting commenced, on Wednesday, most successfully under the stewardship of Messrs. Horeau, Hacoe, and Count de Sars. The course is situated about six miles from the town, on a hill close to the sea. Business began with a trotting race of local interest. This was succeeded by the Prix de la Société, which produced a very close finish befween Montrachet and Flora, the judge awarding it to the former by "half a nose." Seven then weighed out for the hurdle race, for which Vortigern and Lady Geraldine were equal favourites. The latter, who only arrived at Boulogne from J. Scott's on Monday last, was looking remarkably well after her journey, and notwithstanding that this mare is only four years old, and was giving weight to most of her opponents, she in Page's hands landed the good thing very cleverly for her owner. Menteuse fell at the last hurdle, broke her neck, and was destroyed at once, her jockey, Count, unfortunately had his collar bone broken, and received a severe shaking. For the steeple-chase only four put in an appearance, Chantilly being the most fancied, but he never showed prominently, and Charleville, after a fine race, won on the post by a head, Page scoring his second winning mount during the day. The Prix des Haras selling race was won easily by Eberstein.

The South Durham and North Yorkshire Horse and Dog Show was, for the twelfth time, held on Friday, and was very successful, as no less than 1,300 entries were received, the committee having offered prizes amounting in value to upwards of 700*l*. The prize of 50*l*. for the best thorough-bred stallion was taken by Mr. T. Winteringham, of Croft, with Underhand. The prize for the best hunter of any age, mare or gelding, by a thorough-bred horse, fell to Mr. G. B. Pearson's Mallard.

THE GREAT RACES OF 1872.

EPSOM SUMMER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY.

Renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies, 8st 5lb, then three years old; about a mile and a half, starting at the New High Level Starting-post; the owner of the second horse to receive 300 sovs., and the third, 150 sovs. out of the stakes. (192 subs.)

Lord Ailesbury's c by Savernake—Heroine of Lucknow.
Lord Ailesbury's c Whorlton, by Miner—Beatrice, by Voltigeur.
Lord Ailesbury's f Scrutiny, by Stockwell—Bribery.
Mr. C. Alington's c by St. Albans—Scarf.
Lord Anglesey's c by Fitz-Roland—Letty West.
Lord Anglesey's c by Man-at-Arms—Mrs. Croft.
Lord Anglesey's c by Trumpeter—Ayacanora.
Lord Anglesey's c by Rataplan—Theodora.
Lord Anglesey's c by St. Albans—Garnish.
Lord Anglesey's c by Mainstone—Matins.
Mr. C. Ashton's c Gold Nugget, by the Miner—Volga.
Mr. H. Baldwin's c Bandsman, by Marsyas—Fanfaronade, by Gameboy.
Mr. A. C. Barclay's c Bertram, by The Duke—Constance, by Faugh-a-Ballagh.
Mr. J. Barnard's c by Marsyas—Queen Anne, by King Tom.
Count Batthyany's c Delay, by Loiterer—Orlanda.
Count Batthyany's c by Caterer or Stockwell—Brown Duchess.
Duke of Beaufort's c by Beadsman—Palm.
Mr. Beverley's c Marlborough, by Moulsey—Miss Livingstone.
Mr. Bowes's c Risque-tout, by Adventurer—Auld Acquaintance.
Mr. Bowes's c Gratinski, by Macaroni—Klarinska.
Mr. Bowes's c Intrepid, by Adventurer—Go-ahead.
Lord Bradford's c by Parmesan—May Bell.
Lord Bradford's c by Lord Clifden—Zelle.
Mr. T. W. Bulling's c by Oxford, dam by Van Tromp—Erato.
Mr. T. W. Bulling's c by Oxford—Smilax, by Windhound.
Lord Charlemont's c Marino, by Blarney—May Queen, by Stockwell.
Mr. Clive's c Winslow, by Lord Clifden—Creslow, by King Tom.
Mr. Cookson's c by Blair Athol—Lady Louisa, by The Flying Dutchman.
Mr. Cookson's c by Camerino—Alarum (late Amorous Girl).
Mr. Cookson's c by Macaroni—Eller.
Mr. Cookson's c by Macaroni—Queen of the Gipsies, by Chanticleer.
Mr. Cookson's c by Macaroni—Maggiore.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's f Hourglass, by St. Albans—Quicksand.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Struan (brother to Bicycle), by Blair Athol—Terrific.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Drumochter, by Stockwell—Mayonnaise.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Wellingtonia, by Chattanooga—Araucaria.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c The King, by King Tom—Black Rose.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Simon, by St. Albans—Aunt Hannah.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Meanderer, by Saunterer—Moula.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's c Debenture, by Exchequer—Polynesia.
Mr. J. Dawson's c Prince Charlie, by Blair Athol—Eastern Princess.
Mr. M. Dawson ns c by Asteroid—Miss Roland.
Mr. M. Dawson ns c Sherwood, by Wingrave—Opoponax.
Mr. M. Dawson's c Popularity, by Brocket—Rita.
Mr. John Day's c by Lord Clifden—Lovelace.
Mr. W. Day's c by Stockwell—Miss Teesdale.
Mr. W. Day's c Euphonium, by Trumpeter—Miss Lavinia.
Mr. W. Day's c by Promised Land—Ribbon.
Mr. R. M. Delamere's c Prodigal, by Outcast—Owen Roe's dam.
Mr. H. Delamarre's c Condor, by Vermout—Conquête (bred in France).
Mr. W. Dore's c by Lord of the Isles—Kennett.
Mr. H. Draper's c Aboyne, by Broomielaw—Electra.
Mr. H. Dutton's c by King John—Whimsey.
Mr. Eastwood's c by King of Trumps—Lady Alice Hawthorn.
Mr. B. Ellam's c The Bishop, by Ely—Eulogy.
Mr. B. A. Elliston's c Florentine, by Cambuscan—Florence, by Yellow Jack.
Mr. E. Etche's c by The Duke—Mangosteen, by Knight of Kars.
Lord Falmouth's c Queen's Messenger, by Trumpeter—Queen Bertha.
Lord Falmouth's c Silvester, by St. Albans—Silverhair.
Lord Falmouth's c Patriarch, by St. Albans—Siberia.
Lord Falmouth's c by Saunterer—Flax.
Lord Feversham's c Strathardale, by Blair Athol—Cordelia.
Mr. F. Fisher's c by Marsyas—Gossamer, by Birdcatcher.
Mr. T. H. Fleet's c Tasselson, by Atherstone—Tassel, by The Cossack.
Mr. T. Gee's c Lord Colney, by Cathedral—Violet, by Thormanby.
Mr. W. Goddard's c Quainton, by Little Hastings—Jenny, by Rangoon, granddam's pedigree unknown.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Oxford—Auricula.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Thormanby—Valetta, by Stockwell.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Oxford—Gretna.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Lord Clifden—Mineral.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Lord Clifden—Mellona, by Teddington.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's c by Oxford, dam by Flatcatcher—Silence.
Sir J. Hawley's c Alvarez (brother to Pero Gomez), by Beadsman—Salamanca.
Sir J. Hawley's c by Beadsman—Kalipyge.
Sir J. Hawley's f Blue Sleeves (sister to Green Sleeves), by Beadsman—Mrs. Quickly.
Mr. Hewett's c by Blair Athol—Lady Hawthorn.
Mr. Hewett's c by Newminster—Stockings, dam Go-ahead.
Mr. H. A. Harrison's c Tom de Grey, by Adventurer—Timandra.
Mr. C. Harrison's f Excalibur, by Gladiateur—Bathilde.
Mr. C. Harrison's c Coup de Main, by Adventurer—Coup de Main.
Count Henckel's Phœnix, by Giles the First—Her Royal Highness, by Elis—Her Majesty (bred in Germany).
Mr. G. Hilton's c by Cecrops—Nemesis.
Mr. G. Hilton's c by Cecrops—Steel Pen.
Mr. Holdaway's c by Narbonne—Miss Adelaide, by Happy Land.
Mr. A. E. Hope's c Young Sydmonton, by Sydmonton—Maid of Malvern.
Mr. A. E. Hope's c President, by Prime Minister—Excitement.
Mr. W. Hudson's c by Caterer—Lady Trespass.
Mr. W. Hudson's c by Saccharometer—Stolen Moments.
Mr. T. Hughes's c by Marsyas—Bess Lyon.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns c by Newminster—Bonny Bell.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns c by Newminster—Bab-at-the-Bowster.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns f by Rataplan—Borealis.
Mr. Jaques's c Not Guilty, by High Treason—Q.E.D.
Mr. T. Jenning's f Dulce Domum, by Cambuscan—Sweet Home.
Mr. T. Jenning's g Lighthouse, by Cambuscan—Grace Darling.
Sir F. Johnstone's c by Trumpeter—Crytheia.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Warlock—Jung Frau.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Adventurer—Eveline.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Adventurer—Mariam.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Prime Minister—Regina, by Autocrat.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Trumpeter—Olga.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by Blair Athol—Sporting Life.
Mr. J. Johnstone's c by King Tom—Fair Agnes, by Melbourne.
Mr. G. G. Keswick's c by Trumpeter—Isilia.
Mr. G. G. Keswick's c Trumpet, by Trumpeter—The Chase.
Mr. G. G. Keswick's f Lucens, by Trumpeter—Hepatica.
Count F. de Lagrange's c Artilleur, by Monarque—Stradella (bred in France).
Count F. de Lagrange's c Briador, by Gladiateur—Liouba (bred in France).
Count F. de Lagrange's c Brigadier, by Monarque—Sweet Lucy (bred in France).
Count F. de Lagrange's c Volcan, by West Australian—Airedale (bred in France).
Mr. G. Lambert's c Stamford, by Cambuscan—Cassiope.
Mr. Launde's c Tinker, by Rataplan—Thor's Day.
Mr. R. H. Long's c by Gladiateur—Battaglia.
M. A. Lupin's c Le Major, by Gladiateur—Deliane, by The Flying Dutchman—Imperieuse (bred in France).
M. A. Lupin's c Final, by Dollar—Finlande (late Faustine), by Ion—Fraudulent (bred in France).
Captain Machell's c Whirlwind, by Fitz-Roland—Typhoon.
Captain Machell's c Fitz-Reggy, by Fitz-Roland—Reginella.
Captain Machell's c by Newcastle—Lady Augusta.
Mr. H. May's c Ravenna, by Macaroni—Superstition.
Mr. H. May's c Navigator, by Adventurer—Anxiety.
Mr. Merry's c brother to Eltham, by Marsyas—Butterfly.
Mr. Merry's c by Gladiateur—Sunbeam.
Mr. Merry's f by Costa—Clotilde.
Mr. Merry's f by Scottish Chief—Gong.
Mr. A. de Montgomery's Henri IV. by Monarque—La Toucques.
Mr. T. V. Morgan's c Xanthus, by Thormanby—Woodbine.
Mr. T. V. Morgan's c Cartridge, by Dundee—Shot.
Mr. T. V. Morgan's c Onslow, by Cambuscan—Dulcibella.
Mr. G. W. Morris's c by Knowsley—Club Queen.
Mr. G. W. Morris's c by Rapid Rhone—Princess Augusta.
Mr. H. Morris's c Menu, by Caterer—Isoline.
Mr. John Newton's c MacIvor, by Macaroni—Moss Rose, by Van Dieman.
Mr. T. Parr's c by Grimston—Nerio.
Mr. Payne's c Plot, by Weatherbit or High Treason—Rosati.
Mr. Payne's c Magic Lantern, by Jack-o'-Lantern—Enfield's dam.
Mr. Payne's c Brother to General Peel.
Mr. Payne's c by Brother to Bird on the Wing (foaled in 1853)—Croxteth's dam.
Mr. Payne's c by Brother to Strafford (foaled in 1860)—The Drake's dam.
Mr. Payne's c by Y. Melbourne—Makeshift.
Mr. Pryor's c by Chevalier d'Industrie—Troublesome.
Mr. Radbourn's c by Oxford or Knight of the Crescent—Princess Royal, by Slane.
Mr. Radbourn's c by The Duke—Saga.
Mr. Jos. Radcliff's c by Camerino—Snowdrop, by Galanthus.
Mr. Reginald's c by Blair Athol—Queen of Spain.
Mr. Reginald's c by Citadel—Vanity.
Mr. G. Rigby's c by Distin—Agatha.
Mr. W. Robinson's c by Arthur Wellesley—Remnant.
Baron Rothschild's c Restoration (brother to Restitution), by King Tom—Rest's dam, by Slane.
Baron Rothschild's c Ethelred (brother to King Alfred), by King Tom—Scholar's dam.
Baron Rothschild's c by King Tom—Maid Marian.
Baron Rothschild's c by King Tom—Cressa.
Lord Royston's c by Caractacus—Furbelow.
Sir C. Rushout's c The Norseman, by Saccharometer—Ethel.
Mr. H. Savile's c brother to D'Estournel, by Parmesan—Clairvoyante's dam.
Mr. H. Savile's c by The Ranger—Queen Lily.
Mr. H. Savile's c by Parmesan—Rigolboche.
Mr. H. Savile's f Deerdale, by The Duke—Doeskin.
Mr. H. Savile's f by The Ranger—Vertumna.
Lord Scarborough's c Drummond, by Rataplan—Eglantine, by The Flying Dutchman.
Lord Scarborough's c Plantagenet, by Rataplan—Nell Gwynne, by Iago.
Baron Schickler's c Bâton Rouge, by Argonaut—Nova (bred in France).
Mr. J. G. Simpson's f Kleptomania, by Adventurer—Gertrude, by Hautboy.
Prince Soltykoff's c Cape Race, by Cape Flyaway—Meteorite.
Mr. Somerville's c Miserrimus, by Trumpeter or Sydmonton—Miserrima.
Mr. Somerville's c Golden Fleece, by Vengeance or Sydmonton—Medeia.
Major Stapylton's c Stornoway, by Blair Athol—Madeleine.
Mr. H. Stephenson's c by Macaroni—Sadie.
Mr. G. Storey's c by Breadalbane—Fidget.
Mr. R. Sutton's c by Elland—Twilight.
Mr. R. Sutton's c by Elland—Juanita Perez.
Sir Tatton Syke's c by Cathedral—Miss Agnes.
Colonel Towneley's c by Kettledrum—Haricot.
Colonel Towneley's c by Blair Athol—Humming Bird.
Colonel Towneley's c (brother to Cymbal) by Kettledrum—Nelly Hill.
Colonel Towneley's c by King of Trumps—Amethyst.
Colonel Towneley's c by Breadalbane—Goodlass, by Kettledrum.
Colonel Towneley's c by Breadalbane—Alacrity.
Mr. W. Vaughan's c by Arthur Wellesley—Annie De Clare.
Mr. W. Vaughan's c by Camerino—Bohemia.
Mr. T. E. Walker's c Ravola, by Dundee—Habena.
Mr. T. E. Walker's c Chestnut (bro. to Viridis), by Marsyas—Maid of Palmyra.
Lord Westminster's c by Caterer—Simla.
Mr. F. A. Williamson's c by Lord Clifden—Jeu d'Esprit.
Mr. F. A. Williamson's c by Breadalbane—Ursuline.
Mr. Wilmer's c Kimbridge, by Dundee—Lucy.
Mr. Winchester's c West Countryman, by Crater or Sundeelah—Philomel.
Mr. I. Woolcott's c by Dundee—Coimbra.
Mr. I. Woolcott's c by Blair Athol—Busy Bee.
Mr. R. Wright's c Master McGrath, by Mildew—Little Nan.
Mr. R. Wright's c Yorkminster, by Arthur Wellesley—Telltale, by Newminster.
Mr. York's c by Exchequer—Contadina.

DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.

This time-honoured race came off on Monday afternoon, and the interest that was shown in it by the riverside people in general proves that a small stake, with attendant celebrity, is quite sufficient to bring out a large field and show good sport. The origin of the race dates from a century ago, when one Thomas Doggett, having a great fancy for the river, though a comedian by profession, bethought himself of becoming a benefactor of his favourites, the Thames watermen, by leaving a certain sum of money, the interest of which should be devoted to this annual contest. The conditions are that the competitors should be watermen in their first year, and until this summer the six men that were allowed to row were chosen by lot from the list of names sent in. This, though following out the strict letter of the founder's will, was nothing better than making the race a lottery, and the Fishmongers' Company, who have undertaken the management, made a wise and long-wished-for alteration, by making all the competitors row in heats, and then selecting the winners only to row in the final. The heats were rowed last week between Putney and Hammersmith, and the final on Monday over the old course from the Old Swan at London Bridge to the Old Swan at Chelsea, a distance of five miles. The conditions further impose that the race should be rowed against tide, but the humanising tendencies of this generation have obtained a concession, that it should come off on slack water. To describe the scene on the river throughout the entire course accurately would be beyond the powers of an ordinary scribe; the bosom of Father Thames was a perfect hodge-podge of steamers, tugs, barges, small boats, and wherries. As to giving the stern man a chance, that was never thought of, and steamers and tugs vied with each other in giving as heavy a churning to the river as was possible, and it was a wonder that some of the scullers were not washed out of their boats. Four steamers, with living cargoes packed like sprats in barrels, accompanied the race, and the peculiarly East-end attire of nine-tenths of them, coupled with a distortion of the mother tongue as expressive as it seemed natural, struck any one not initiated as a noteworthy characteristic of the day. There was scarcely any betting, and then the odds were invariably quoted in shillings, while, perhaps, a more adventurous spirit would invest something in crowns.

The start took place at five p.m. from London Bridge, six boats being moored abreast, from which the scullers started; long before the hour, however, the parapet was crowded with heads, and every available spot—on window, scaffold, wall, or bridge—from start to finish, was tenanted, the mystery being how everybody knew of the race. Monday, however, is the day for the million. When the men had got to their stations an eight-oared cutter, manned by a crew in grey, with caps evidently intended to create a sensation, with the umpire, Mr. F. Dard, the bargemaster of the Fishmongers' Company in the stern, dressed in a gold embroidered claret-coloured coat and cocked hat made its appearance. The duties of the umpire were not called into question, but this cutter and its queer uniform created quite a sensation, and some of the old pensioners at Chelsea Hospital beheld with jealous eye even this slight infringement on their patent for antiquated dress. Old coat-and-badgemen sported their dress, and many a hearty shake of the hand was given and pot drained amidst the memories of former years before the evening was over. Mace, one of the competitors, was unable from an accident to start; of the other five, Griffiths and Banks were off best, and the former led as far as the Temple; Harding here passed Banks, and at Waterloo got close to Griffiths, and before Charing-cross Bridge was reached he was ahead; by Westminster he was four lengths to the good, and from this point to the finish he added as much as he liked, and won by two minutes. At Westminster, Marston passed Banks, and took third place, while Westbrook was last from the start to the finish, about ten lengths off Banks, who was twenty from Marston, the latter some minutes after Griffiths. The final result was as under:—

1. R. Harding, Blackwall, coat, badge, freedom, and £5 5*s.*
2. J. Griffiths, Wandsworth, £4 17*s.* 9*d.*
3. R. Marston, Bermondsey, £2 18*s.* 9*d.*
4. W. R. J. Banks, Rotherhithe, £1 11*s.* 6*d.*
5. J. Westbrook, Legal Quays, £1 1*s.*

Advertisements.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.– LITTLE EM'LY.—Revival (by general desire) of the great Olympic Drama, LITTLE EM'LY, adapted by Andrew Halliday from "David Copperfield," the favourite work of the late Charles Dickens, produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

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OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"'Little Em'ly' is revived with a cast in many respects so new that the revival may almost be regarded as a novelty. Without drawing 'odorous' comparisons, we may safely affirm that the piece has not in the least suffered by the change of the performers."—Times.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE.—"'The Raging Torrent,' behind the fisherman's hut, with menacing shapes of gnomes, goblins, and water sprites surging amid the waters. The Enchanted Forest, haunted by mischievous elves. 'The Descent of Undine beneath the waves.' 'The Apotheosis of Undine,' who is seen soaring towards Olympus, surrounded by ministering seraphs clad in many-coloured robes, on which the lime-light falls with refulgent splendour."—Morning Post.

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ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. Swanborough.—Open Every Evening for the Summer Season.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.10, the comedy by the late W. Brough, KIND TO A FAULT; and the celebrated Burlesque, by H. J. Byron, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE. Doors open at seven. Secure your seats at the Box-office or at the Libraries.

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Printed by AUGUSTUS WINTER, at 3, 4 & 5, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, in the Parish of Allhallows the Great, in the City of London; and published for the Proprietors at 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, in the Parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.—AUGUST 6, 1870.